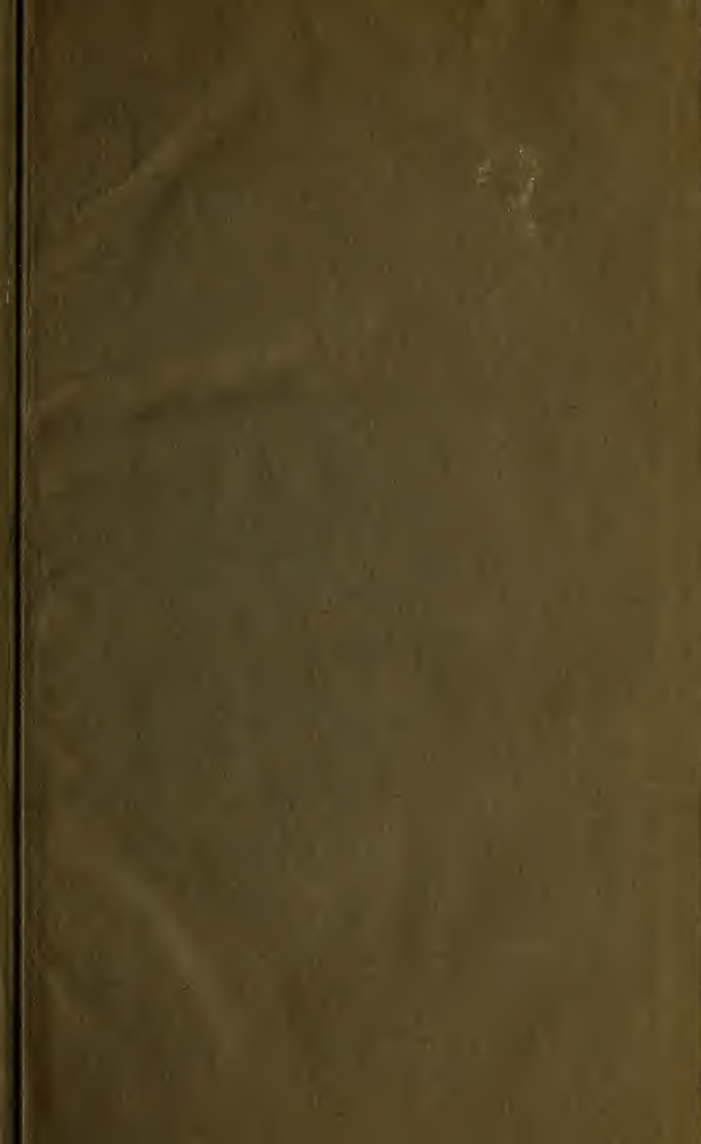


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(THE
TRAGEDY
OF
L O C R I N E,)
THE *G. 176.80*
ELDEST SON
OF
KING BRUTUS.

By Mr. WILLIAM (SHAKESPEAR.)



L O N D O N ;

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
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MDCCXXXIV.

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Dramatis Personæ.

BRUTUS, *King of Britain.*

Lochrine, }
Camber, } *his Sons.*
Albanaët, }

Corineius, }
Affarachus, } *Brothers to Brutus.*

Thrasimachus, *Corineius his Son.*

Debon, *an older Officer.*

Humber, *King of the Scythians.*

Hubba, *his Son.*

Thraffier, *a Scythian Commander.*

Strumbo, }
Trompart, } *Clowns.*
Oliver, }

William, }
Guendeline, *Corineius his Daughter, married to*
Lochrine.

Estrild, *Humber's Wife.*

Ate, *the Goddess of Revenge.*

Ghosts of Albanaët, and Corineius.

Knapp
Jan. 14, 1922
C



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
LOCRINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dumb Show.

Enter Ate, with Thunder and Lightning, all in black, with a burning Torch in one Hand, and a bloody Sword in the other Hand; and presently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear, then come forth an Archer, who must kill the Lion in a dumb Show, and then depart. Remain Ate.

A T E.

In pœnam sectatur & Umbra.



Mighty Lion, Ruler of the Woods,
Of wondrous Strength and great Proportion,
With hideous Noise, scaring the trembling
Trees,
With yelling Clamours shaking all the Earth,
Traversest the Groves, and chac'd the wandring Beasts.
Long did he range among the shady Trees,
And drave the silly Beasts before his Face;

When suddenly from out a thorny Bush
 A dreadful Archer with his Bow ybent,
 Wounded the Lion with a dismal Shaft,
 So he him strook, that it drew forth the Blood,
 And fill'd his furious Heart with fretting Ire;
 But all in vain he threateneth Teeth and Paws,
 And sparkleth Fire from forth his flaming Eyes,
 For the sharp Shaft gave him a mortal Wound.
 So valiant *Brute*, the Terror of the World,
 Whose only Looks did scare his Enemies,
 The Archer Death brought to his latest end.
 O what may long abide above this Ground,
 In State of Blifs and healthful Happinefs!

[*Exit*.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Brutus carried in a Chair, Lochrine, Camber,
 Albanact, Corineius, Guendeline, Assaracus, Debon,
 and Thrasimachus.*

Bru. Most loyal Lords, and faithful Followers,
 That have with me, unworthy General,
 Passed the greedy Gulf of th' Ocean,
 Leaving the Confines of fair *Italy*,
 Behold, your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
 And I must leave you, though against my Will;
 My Sinews shrunk, my number'd Senses fail,
 A chilling cold possesseth all my Bones,
 Black ugly Death with Visage pale and wan,
 Presents himself before my dazled Eyes,
 And with his Dart prepared is to strike:
 These Arms, my Lords, these never-daunted Arms,
 That oft have quell'd the Courage of my Foes,
 And eke dismay'd my Neighbour's Arrogance,
 Now yield to Death o'erlaid with crooked Age,
 Devoid of Strength and of their proper Force;
 Even as the lusty Cedar worn with Years,
 That far abroad her dainty Odour throws,
 'Mongst all the Daughters of proud *Lebanon*,
 This Heart my Lords, this ne'er appalled Heart,
 That was a Terror to the bordering Lands,
 A doleful Scourge unto my neighbour Kings,

Now

Now by the Weapons of unpartial Death
Is clove asunder, and bereft of Life;
As when the sacred Oak with Thunder-bolts,
Sent from the fiery Circuit of the Heav'ns,
Sliding along the Air's celestial Vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very Roots.

In vain therefore I struggle with this Foe,
Then welcome Death, since God will have it so.

Affar. Alas, my Lord, we sorrow at your Case,
And grieve to see your Person vexed thus;
But whatsoe'er the Fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to disannul;

And he that would annihilate his Mind,
Soaring with *Icarus* too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young *Bellerophon*.
For when the fatal Sisters have decreed
To separate us from this earthly Mold,
No mortal Force can countermand their Minds:
Then, worthy Lord, since there's no way but one,
Cease your Laments, and leave your grievous Moan.

Cor. Your Highness knows how many Victories,
How many Trophies I erected have
Triumphantly in every place we came.
The *Grecian* Monarch, warlike *Pandrossus*,
And all the Crew of the *Molossians*:
Goffarius the arm-strong King of *Gauls*,
Have felt the Force of our victorious Arms,
And to their Cost beheld our Chivalry:
Where-e'er *Aurora*, Handmaid of the Sun,
Where-e'er the Sun, bright Guardian of the Day,
Where-e'er the joyful Day with cheerful Light,
Where-e'er the Light illuminates the World,
The *Trojans* Glory flies with golden Wings,
Wings that do soar beyond fell envious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
Pierceth the Skies, and with the Skies the Throne
Of mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World.
Then, worthy *Brutus*, leave these sad Laments,
Comfort yourself with this your great Renown,
And fear not Death, though he seems terrible.

Bru. Nay, *Corineius*, you mistake my Mind,
 In construing wrong the Cause of my Complaints;
 I fear'd not t'yield myself to fatal Death,
 God knows it was the least of all my Thoughts;
 A greater Care torments my very Bones,
 And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
 And in your Lordings both the Substance lie.

Thra. Most noble Lord, if aught your Loyal Peers
 Accomplish may, to ease your lingring Grief,
 I, in the name of all, protest to you,
 That we would boldly enterprize the same,
 Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
 Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous Throat,
 Scareth the Ghosts with high resounding Noise:
 We'll either rent the Bowels of the Earth,
 Searching the Entrails of the brutish Earth,
 Or with his *Ixions* overdaring soon,
 Be bound in Chains of ever-during Steel.

Bru. Then hearken to your Sovereign's latest Words,
 In which I will unto you all unfold,
 Our Royal Mind and resolute Intent.
 When golden *Hebe*, Daughter to great *Jove*,
 Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthful Down,
 Th' unhappy Slaughter of my luckless Sire,
 Drove me and old *Affarachus* mine Eame,
 As Exiles from the Bounds of *Italy*,
 So that perforce we were constrain'd to fly
 To *Grecians* Monarch, noble *Pandrassus*,
 There I alone did undertake your Cause,
 There I restor'd your antique Liberty,
 Though *Grecia* frown'd, and old *Molossia* storm'd,
 Though brave *Antigonus*, with martial Band,
 In pitched Field encountred me and mine,
 Though *Pandrassus* and his Contributaries,
 With all the routs of their Confederates,
 Sought to deface our glorious Memory,
 And wipe the Name of *Trojans* from the Earth;
 Him did I captivate with this mine Arm,
 And by Compulsion forc'd him to agree
 To certain Articles, which there we did propound.

From

From *Grecia* through the boisterous *Helleſpont*,
 We came into the Fields of *Leſtrigon*,
 Whereat our Brother *Corineus* was ;
 Which when we paſſed the *Cicilian* Gulf,
 And ſo tranſtretching the *Illician* Sea,
 Arrived on the Coaſt of *Aquitain*;
 Where with an Army of his barbarous *Gauls*-
Goffarius and his Brother *Gathelus*
 Encountring with our Hoſt, ſuſtain'd the Foil,
 And for your ſakes my *Turnus* there I loſt ;
Turnus that ſlew ſix hundred Men at Arms,
 All in an Hour, with his ſharp Battle-Axe.
 From thence upon the ſtronds of *Albion*
 To *Cornus*' Haven happily we came,
 And quell'd the Giants, come of *Albion's* Race,
 With *Gogmagog*, Son to *Samotheus*,
 The curſed Captain of that damned Crew,
 And in that Iſle at length I placed you.
 Now let me ſee, if my laborious Toils,
 If all my Care, if all my grievous Wounds,
 If all my Diligence were well employ'd.

Cor. When firſt I follow'd thee and thine, brave King,
 I hazarded my Life and deareſt Blood,
 To purchaſe Favour at your Princely Hands,
 And for the ſame in dangerous Attempts,
 In ſundry Conflicts, and in divers Broils,
 I ſhew'd the Courage of my manly Mind ;
 For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
 The Brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaul*;
 For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
 A ſavage Captain of a ſavage Crew ;
 And for theſe Deeds brave *Cornwall* I receiv'd
 A grateful Gift giv'n by a gracious King ;
 And for this Gift, this Life and deareſt Blood
 Will *Corineus* ſpend for *Brutus*' good.

Deb. And what my Friend, brave Prince, hath
 vow'd to you,
 The ſame will *Deboni* do unto his end:

Bru. Then, Loyal Peers, ſince you are all agreed,
 And reſolute to follow *Brutus*' Hoſts,

Favour my Sons, favour those Orphans, Lords,
And shield them from the Dangers of their Foes.

Locrine, the Column of my Family,
And only Pillar of my weaken'd Age;
Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sirè,
And take thy latest Blessings at his hands:
And, for thou art the eldest of my Sons,
Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren,
And imitate thy aged Father's steps,
Which will conduct thee to true Honour's Gate:
For if thou follow sacred Virtue's lore,
'Thou shalt be crowned with a Laurel-Branch,
And wear a Wreath of sempiternal Fame,
Sorted amongst the glorious happy ones.

Loc. If *Locrine* do not follow your Advice,
And bear himself in all things like a Prince
That seeks to amplify the great Renown,
Left unto him for an Inheritance,
By those that were his Ancestors,
Let me be flung into the Ocean,
And swallow'd in the Bowels of the Earth.
Or let the ruddy Lightning of great *Jove*,
Descend upon this my devoted Head.

[*Brutus taking Guendeline by the Hand.*]

Bru. But for I see you all to be in doubt,
Who shall be matched with our Royal Son,
Locrine, receive this Present at my hand;
A Gift more rich than are the wealthy Mines
Found in the Bowels of *America*.

'Thou shalt be spoused to fair *Guendeline*:
Love her, and take her, for she is thine own,
If so thy Uncle and herself do please.

Cor. And herein how your Highness honours me,
It cannot now be in my Speech exprest;
For careful Parents glory not so much
At their own Honour and Promotion,
As for to see the Issue of their Blood
Seated in Honour and Prosperity.

Guen. And far be it from my pure maiden Thoughts
To contradict her aged Father's Will,

There-

Therefore since he to whom I must obey,
Hath giv'n me now unto your Royal self,
I will not stand aloof from off the lure,
Life crafty Dames that most of all deny
That, which they most desire to possess.

[Brutus turning to Lochrine.

[Lochrine kneeling.

Then now my Son thy part is on the Stage,
For thou must bear the Person of a King.

[Puts the Crown on his Head.

Lochrine stand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the State of Majesty,
That thou with Honour well may'st wear the Crown,
And if thou tenderest these my latest Words,
As thou requir'st my Soul to be at rest,
As thou desirest thine own Security,
Cherish and love thy new-betrothed Wife.

Loc. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown,
Than I do peerless *Guendeline*.

Bru Camber.

Camb. My Lord.

Bru. The Glory of mine Age,
And Darling of thy Mother *Junoger*,
Take thou the *South* for thy Dominion:
From thee there shall proceed a Royal Race,
That shall maintain the Honour of this Land,
And sway the regal Sceptre with their Hands.

[Turning to Albanact.

And *Albanact* thy Father's only Joy,
Youngest in Years, but not the young'st in mind,
A perfect Pattern of all Chivalry,
Take thou the *North* for thy Dominion,
A Country full of Hills and ragged Rocks,
Replenished with fierce untamed Beasts,
As correspondent to thy martial Thoughts.
Live long my Sons with endless Happiness,
And bear firm Concordance among your selves,
Obey the Counsels of these Fathers grave,
That you may better bear out Violence.
But suddenly, through Weakness of my Age,

And the defect of youthful Puissance,
 My Malady increaseth more and more,
 And cruel Death hasteneth his quickned pace,
 To dispossess me of my earthly Shape;
 Mine Eyes wax dim, o'ercast with Clouds of Age,
 The pangs of Death compass my crazed Bones.
 Thus to you all my Blessings I bequeath,
 And with my Blessings, this my fleeting Soul.
 My Glass is run, and all my Miseries
 Do end with Life; Death closeth up mine Eyes,
 My Soul in haste flies to the *Elysian* Fields. [He dies.]

Loc. Accursed Stars, damn'd and accursed Stars,
 T'abbreviate my noble Father's Life,
 Hard-hearted Gods, and too too envious Fates,
 Thus to cut off my Father's fatal Thread,
Brutus that was a Glory to us all,
Brutus that was a Terror to his Foes,
 Alas too soon by *Demogorgon's* Knife,
 The martial *Brutus* is bereft of Life.
 No sad Complaints may move just *Eacus*.

Cor. No dreadful Threats can fear Judge *Rhadamanth*.
 Wert thou as strong as mighty *Hercules*,
 That tamed the huge Monsters of the World,
 Plaid'st thou as sweet, on the sweet-sounding Lute,
 As did the Spouse of fair *Eurydice*,
 That did enchant the Waters with his Noise,
 And made the Stones, Birds, Beasts, to lead a Dance,
 Constrain'd the hilly Trees to follow him,
 Thou could'st not move the Judge of *Erebus*,
 Nor move Compassion in grim *Pluto's* Heart,
 For fatal *Mors* expecteth all the World,
 And every Man must tread the way of Death;
 Brave *Tantalus*, the valiant *Pelops' Sire*,
 Guest to the Gods, suffer'd untimely Death,
 And old *Tithonus*, Husband to the Morn,
 And eke grim *Minos*, whom just *Jupiter*
 Deign'd to admit unto his Sacrifice,
 The thundring Trumpets of Blood-thirsty *Mars*,
 The fearful Rage of fell *Tisphoën*,
 The boisterous Waves of humid Ocean,

Are Instruments and Tools of dismal Death.
Then, noble Cousin, cease to mourn his chance,
Whose Age and Years were Signs that he should die.
It resteth now that we inter his Bones,
That was a Terror to his Enemies.
Take up his Corse, and Princes hold him dead,
Who while he liv'd, upheld the *Trojan* State.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, march to *Troinovant*,
There to provide our Chieftain's Funeral. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Strumbo above in a Gown, with Ink and Paper in his Hand.

Strumb. Either the four Elements, the seven Planets and all the particular Stars of the Pole Antartick, are adversative against me, or else I was begotten and born in the Wain of the Moon, when every thing, as *Lactantius* in his fourth Book of Consultations doth say, goeth arsfward. Ay Masters, ay, you may laugh, but I must weep; you may joy, but I must sorrow; shedding salt Tears from the watry Fountains of my most dainty fair Eyes, along my comely and smooth Cheeks, in as great plenty as the Water ruuneth from the Buckirg-tubs, or red Wine out of the Hogs-heads: for trust me, Gentlemen and my very good Friends, and so forth: the little God, nay the desperate God *Cuprid*, with one of his vengible Birds bolts, hath shot me unto the Heel: so not only, but also, oh, fine phrase, I burn, I burn, and I burn a, in love, in love, and in love a, ah *Strumbo*, what hast thou seen, not *Dina* with the *As Tom*? Yea, with these Eyes thou hast seen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy Bail. Ah, *Strumbo*, hast thou heard of the Voice of the Nightingale, but a Voice sweeter than hers, yea, with these Ears hast thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they have caus'd thy sorrow. Nay, *Strumbo*, kill thy self, drown thy self, hang thy self, starve thy self. Oh, but then I shall leave my Sweet-heart. Oh my Heart! Now Pat for thy Master, I will dite an aliquant Love-pittle

pitie to her, and then she hearing the grand verbosity of my Scripture, will love me presently.

[*Let him write a little, and then read.*

My Pen is naught, Gentlemen, lend me a Knife, I think the more haste the worst speed.

[*Then write again, and after read.*

So it is, Mistres*s* Dorothy, and the sole essence of my Soul, that the little sparkles of affection kindled in me towards your sweet self, hath now encreas'd to a great Flame, and will e'er it be long consume my poor Heart, except you with the pleasant Water of your secret Fountain, quench the furious Heat of the same. Alas, I am a Gentleman of good Fame, and Name, majestical, in Apparel comely, in Gait portly. Let not therefore your gentle Heart be so hard, as to despise a proper tall young Man of a handsome Life, and by despising him, not only, but also to kill him. Thus expecting Time and Tide, I bid you fare well. Your Servant, *Signior Strumbo*.

Oh Wir, O Pate, O Memory, O Hand, O Ink, O Paper! Well, now I will send it away *Trompart, Trompart*, a what Villain is this? Why Sirrah, come when your Master calls you. *Trompart*.

Trompart *entring saith*, Anon, Sir.

Strum. Thou knowest, my pretty Boy, what a good Master I have been to thee ever since I took thee into my Service.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. And how I have cherished thee always, as if thou hadst been the Fruits of my Loins, Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. Then shew thyself herein a trusty Servant, and carry this Letter to Mistres*s* Dorothy, and tell her——

[*Speaking in his Ear. Exit Trompart.*

Strum. Nay, Masters, you shall see a Marriage by and by. But here she comes. Now must I frame my amorous Passions.

Enter Dorothy and Trompart.

Dor. *Signior Strombo*, well met, I receiv'd your Letters by your Man here, who told me a pitiful Story of your
an-

anguish, and so understanding your Passions were so great, I came hither speedily.

Strum. Oh, my sweet and Pigsney, the fecundity of my ingeny is not so great, that may declare unto you the sorrowful Sobs and broken Sleeps that I suffer'd for your sake; and therefore I desire you to receive me into your familiarity.

*For your Love doth lie,
As near and as nigh,
Unto my Heart within,
As mine Eye to my Nose,
My Leg unto my Hose,
And my Flesh unto my Skin.*

Dor. Truly, Mr. *Strumbo*, you speak too learnedly for me to understand the drift of your Mind, and therefore tell your Tale in plain terms, and leave off your dark Riddles.

Strum. Alas, *Mistress Dorothy*, this is my luck, that when I most would I cannot be understood: so that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to speak in plain terms, I love you, *Mistress Dorothy*, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

[Turning to the People.

Strum. Say'it thou so, sweet Wench, let me lick thy Toes. Farewel, *Mistress*. If any of you be in love, provide ye a Cap-Cafe full of new-coin'd words, and then shall you soon have the *succado de labres*, and something else. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Locrine*, *Guendeline*, *Camber*, *Albanaet*, *Corincius*, *Affarachus*, *Debon*, and *Thrasimachus*.

Loc. Uncle and Princes of brave *Britany*,
Since that our noble Father's eatomb'd,
As best beseem'd so brave a Prince as he;
If so you please, this day my Love and I,
Within the Temple of *Concordia*,
Will solemnize our Royal Marriage.

Thra.

Thru. Right noble Lord, your Subjects every one
Must needs obey your Highness at command,
Especially in such a Cause as this,
That much concerns your Highness' great content.

Loc. Then Frolick, Lordings, to fair *Concord's* Walls,
Where we will pass the Day in Knightly Sports,
The Night in Dancing and in figur'd Masks,
And offer to God *Rifus* all our Sports. [Exeunt.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Ate as before, after a little Lightning and Thundring, let there come forth this show. Perseus and Andromeda, hand in hand, and Cepheus also with Swords and Targets. Then let there come out of another Door Phineus, all black in Armour with Æthiopians after him, driving in Perseus, and having taken away Andromeda, let them depart. Ate remaining, says,

Regit omnia numen.

WHEN *Perseus* married fair *Andromeda*,
The only Daughter of King *Cepheus*,
He thought he had establish'd well his Crown,
And that his Kingdom should for aye endure,
But lo proud *Phineus*, with a Band of Men,
Contriv'd of Sun-burnt *Æthiopians*,
By force of Arms the Bride he took from him;
And turn'd their joy into a flood of tears.
So fares it with young *Locrine* and his Love,
He thinks this Marriage tendeth to his weal,
But this foul day, this foul accursed day,
Is the beginning of his miseries.
Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*
Approacheth nigh with all his Warlike Train.
I need not I, the sequel shall declare,
What tragick chances fell out in this War. [Exit.]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Estrild, Segar, and their Soldiers.

Humb. At length the Snail doth climb the highest tops,
Ascending up the stately Castle-Walls;
At length the Water with continual drops,
Doth penetrate the hardest Marble-Stone;
At length we are arrived in *Albion*.
Nor could the barbrous *Dacian* Sovereign;
Nor yet the Ruler of brave *Belgia*,
Stay us from cutting over to this Isle;
Whereas I hear a Troop of *Phrygians*,
Under the Conduct of *Posthumius*' Son,
Have pitch'd up Lordly Pavilions,
And hope to prosper in this lovely Isle:
But I will frustrate all their foolish Hope,
And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperor
Leads Fortune tied in a Chain of Gold,
Constraining her to yield unto his will,
And grace him with their Regal Diadem:
Which I will have, maugre their treble Hosts,
And all the power their petty Kings can make.

Hub. If she that rules fair *Rhamnis*' golden Gate,
Grant us the Honour of the Victory,
As hitherto she always favour'd us,
Right noble Father, we will rule the Land,
Enthroned in Seats of Topaz-stones,
That *Locrine* and his Brethren all may know;
None must be King but *Humber* and his Son.

Hum. Courage my Son, Fortune shall favour us,
And yield to us the Coronet of Bays,
That decketh none but noble Conquerors.
But what saith *Estrild* to these Regions?
How liketh she the temperature thereof?
Are they not pleasant in her gracious Eyes?

Est. The Plains, my Lord, garnish'd with *Flora*'s wealth,
And over-spread with party-colour'd Flowers,
Do yield sweet contentation to my mind;
The airy Hills enclos'd with shady Groves,
The Groves replenish'd with sweet chirping Birds,

The Birds resounding heav'nly Melody,
 Are equal to the Groves of *Thessaly*,
 Where *Phœbus* with these learned Ladies nine,
 Delight themselves with Musick's Harmony,
 And from the moisture of the Mountain-tops,
 The silent Springs dance down with murmuring streams;
 And water all the ground with crystal Waves,
 The gentle blasts of *Eurus* modest Wind,
 Moving the partering Leaves of *Sylvane's* Woods,
 Do equal it with *Tempe's* Paradise,
 And thus consoorted all to one effect,
 Do make me think these are the happy Isles,
 Most Fortunate if *Humber* may them win.

Hub. Madam, where Resolution leads the way,
 And Courage follows with embolden'd pace,
 Fortune can never use her Tyranny;
 For Valiantness is like unto a Rock
 That standeth on the Waves of Ocean,
 Which though the Billows beat on every side,
 And *Boreas* fell with his tempestuous Storms,
 Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
 Yet it remaineth still unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly resolv'd, thou glory of thy Sire,
 But, worthy *Segar*, what uncouth novelties
 Bring'st thou unto our Royal Majesty?

Seg. My Lord, the youngest of all *Brutus's* Sons,
 Scout *Albanast*, with millions of Men,
 Approacheth nigh, and meaneth ere the Morn,
 To try your force by dint of fatal Sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of Hosts;
 He shall find entertainment good enough,
 Yea, fit for those that are our Enemies:
 For we'll receive them at the Lances points,
 And massacre their Bodies with our Blades:
 Yea, though they were in number infinite,
 More than the mighty *Babylonian* Queen,
Semiramis the Ruler of the West,
 Brought 'gainst the Emperor of the *Scythians*,
 Yet would we not start back one foot from them,
 That they might know we are invincible.

Hub.

Hub. Now by great *Jove*, the supreme King of Heav'n,
And the immortal Gods that live therein,
When as the Morning shews his chearful Face,
And *Lucifer* mounted upon his Steed,
Brings in the Chariot of the golden Sun,
I'll meet young *Albanact* in th' open Field,
And crack my Launce upon his Burganet,
To try the Valour of his boyish Strength:
There will I shew such ruthful spectacles,
And cause so great effusion of Blood,
That all his Boys shall wonder at my strength.
As when the warlike Queen of *Amazons*,
Penthesilea, armed with her Launce,
Girt with a Corset of bright shining Steel,
Coopt up the faint-heart *Grecians* in the Camp.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble Son,
Nay, like a Prince that seeks his Father's Joy.
Therefore to-morrow e'er fair *Titan* shine,
And bashful *Eos* Messenger of Light,
Expels the liquid sleep from out Mens Eyes,
Thou shalt conduct the right Wing of the Host,
The left Wing shall be under *Segar's* charge,
The Rearward shall be under me myself,
And lovely *Estrild*, fair and gracious,
If Fortune favour me in mine attempts,
Thou shalt be Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Fortune shall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Come let us in and muster up our Traia,
And furnish up our lusty Soldiers,
That they may be a Bulwark to our state,
And bring our wished Joys to perfect end. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Strumbo, Dorothy and Trompart, cobling Shoes,
and singing.

Trom. *We Coblers lead a merry life:*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Strumb. *Void of all envy and strife:*

All.

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Dor. *Our ease is great, our labour small :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan,*

Strumb. *And yet our gains be much withal :*

All. *Dan, diddle, dan.*

Dor. *With this art so fine and fair :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Trom. *No occupation may compare :*

All. *Dan, diddle, dan.*

Strumb. *For merry pastime and joyful glee :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *Most happy Men we Coblers be :*

Dan, diddle, dan.

Trom. *The Can stands full of nappy Ale,*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strumb. *In our Shop still withouten fail ;*

Dan, diddle, dan.

Dor. *This is our Meat, this is our Food :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trom. *This brings us to a merry mood :*

Dan, diddle, dan.

Strumb. *This makes us work for Company,*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *To pull the Tankards chearfully :*

Dan, diddle, dan.

Trom. *Drink to thy Husband, Dorothy,*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *Why then my Strumbo there's to thee :*

Dan, diddle, dan.

Strumb. *Drink thou the rest Trompart, amain :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *When that is gone, we'll fill't again :*

Dan, diddle, dan.

Enter Captain.

Cap. *The poorest state is farthest from annoy ;*

How merrily he sitteth on his Stool :

But when he sees that needs he must be prest,

He'll turn his note and sing another tune.

Ho. *by your leave master Cobler.*

Strumb.

Strumb. You are welcome, Gentleman, what will you any old Shoes or Buskins, or will you have your Shoes clouted? I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathnes* whatsoever. [*Captain shewing him Prefs-money.*]

Capt. O Master Cobler, you are far deceiv'd in me, for done you see this? I come not to buy any Shoes, but to buy yourself; come, Sir, you must be a Soldier in the King's Cause.

Strumb. Why, but hear you, Sir, has your King any Commission to take any Man against his will? I promise you, I can scant believe it, or did he give you Commission?

Capt. O Sir, you need not care for that, I need no Commission: hold here, I command you in the name of our King *Albanact*, to appear to-morrow in the Town-House of *Cathnes*.

Strumb. King *Nactaball*, I cry God mercy, what have we to do with him, or he with us? but you, Sir Master Capontial, draw your Pastboard, or else I promise you, I'll give you a Canvasado with a Bastinado over your Shoulders, and teach you to come hither with your Implements.

Cap. I pray thee good fellow be content, I do the King's command.

Strumb. Put me out of your Book then.

Capt. I may not. [*Strumbo snatching up a staff.*]

Strumb. None will, come, Sir, will your Stomach serve you, by Gog's blue hood and halidom, I will have a bout with you. [*Fight both.*]

Enter Thrasimachus.

Thra. How now, what noise, what sudden clamour's this? How now, my Captain and the Cobler so hard at it? Sirs, what is your quarrel?

Capt. Nothing, Sir, but that he will not take Prefs-money.

Thra. Here, good Fellow, take it at my command, Unless you mean to be stretch'd.

Strumb. Truly, Master Gentleman, I lack no Money, if you please I will resign it to one of these poor Fellows.

Thra. No such matter,
Look you, be at the common House to-morrow.

[*Exit Thrasimachus and the Captain.*]

Strumb.

Strum. O Wife, I have spun a fair thread, if I had been quiet, I had not been prest, and therefore well may I lament: But come firrah, shut up, for we must to the Wars. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Albanact, Debon, Thrasimachus, and the Lords.

Alba. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of *Albany*,
Whose trenchant Blades with our deceased Sire,
Passing the Frontiers of brave *Grecia*,
Were bathed in our Enemies lukewarm Blood,
Now is the time to manifest your wills,
Your haughty minds and resolutions,
Now opportunity is offered
To try your courage and your earnest zeal,
Which you always protest to *Albanact* ;
For at this time, yea, at this present time,
Stout Fugitives come from the *Scythians* bounds
Have pestred every place with mutinies:
But trust me, Lordings, I will never cease
To persecute the rascal Runnagates,
'Till all the Rivers stained with their Blood,
Shall fully shew their fatal Overthrow.

Deb. So shall your Highness merit great renown,
And imitate your aged Father's steps.

Alba. But tell me, Cousin, cam'st thou thro' the Plains?
And saw'st thou there the faint-heart Fugitives
Mustring their Weather-beaten Soldiers,
What order keep they in their marshalling?

Thra. After we past the Groves of *Caledone*,
We did behold the stragling *Scythians* Camp
Repleat with Men, stor'd with Manition;
There might we see the valiant-minded Knights
Fetching Careers along the spacious Plains,
Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blue,
Mounted upon their Coursers white as Snow,
Went to beho'd the pleasant flowring Fields;
Hector and *Troilus*, *Priamus'* lovely Sons,
Chasing the *Grecians* over *Simoeis*,

Were

Were not to be compar'd to these two Knights.

Alba. Well has thou painted out in Eloquence
The Portraiture of *Humber* and his Son,
As fortunate as was *Polycrates*.

Yet should they not escape our conquering Swords,
Or boast of aught but of our Clemency.

Enter Strumbo and Trompart, crying often,
Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch, &c

Thra. What Sirs, what mean you by these clamours made,
Those outcries raised in our stately Court?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Villains, I say, tell us the cause hereof?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Tell me you Villains, why you make this noise,
Or with my Lance, I will prick your Bowels out.

All. Where are your Houses, where's your dwelling-
place?

Strum. Place, ha, ha, ha, laugh a month and a day at
him; place! I cry God mercy, why do you think that
such poor honest Men as we be, hold our Habitacles in
King's Palaces: ha, ha, ha. But because you seem to be
an abominable Chieftain, I will tell you our state,

*From the top to the toe,
From the head to the shoe;
From the beginning to the ending,
From the building to the burning.*

This honest Fellow and I had our mansion Cottage in
the Suburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of *Mer-
cury*. And by the common Soldiers of the *Shittens*, the
Scychians, what do you call them? with all the Suburbs,
were burnt to the ground, and the ashes are left there
for the Country-wives to wash Bucks withal. And
that which grieves me most, my loving Wife, O cruel
strife! the wicked Flames did roast.

*And therefore Captain Crust,
We will continually cry,
Except you seek a remedy,
Our Houses to re-edify,
Which now are burnt to dust.*

22 *The Tragedy of Loocrine.*

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alba. Well, we must remedy these outrages,
And throw revenge upon their hateful Heads,
And you good Fellows for your Houses burnt,
We will remunerate your store of Gold,
And build your Houses by our Palace-Gate.

Strum. Gate! O petty Treason to my Person, no where
else but by your backside: Gate! oh how I am vexed in
my Collar: Gate! I cry God mercy do you hear, Ma-
ster King? If you mean to gratify such poor Men, as
we be, you must build our Houses by the Tavern.

Alba. It shall be done, Sir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, ay, by Lady, Sir, it was spo-
ken like a good Fellow, do you hear, Sir? when our House
is builded, if you do chance to pass or repass that way, we
will bestow a Quart of the best Wine upon you. [Exit.

Alba. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects goods
Should thus be spoiled by the *Scythians*,
Who as you see with light-foot Foragers,
Depopulate the Places where they come:
But, cursed *Humber*, thou shalt rue the day
That e'er thou cam'st unto *Cathnesia*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrassier, and their Soldiers.

Hum. Hubba, go take a Coronet of our Horse,
As many Lanciers, and light-armed Knights,
As may suffice for such an enterprise,
And place them in the Grove of *Challidon*:
With these, when as the Skirmish doth encrease;
Retire thou from the shelters of the Wood,
And set upon the weakned *Trojans* backs.
For Policy, joined with Chivalry,
Can never be put back from Victory. [Exeunt.

Enter Albanact, Clowns with him.

Alba. Thou base-born *Hunn*, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*,
The great Commander of these Regions?
But thou shalt buy thy rashness with thy Death,

And

And rue too late thy over-bold attempts,
 For with this Sword, this Instrument of Death,
 That hath been drenched in my Foe-men Blood,
 I'll separate thy Body from thy Head;
 And set that coward Blood of thine abroad.

Strum. Nay, with this Staff, great *Strumbo's* Instrument,
 I'll crack thy Cockscomb, paltry *Scythian*.

Hum. Nor wreak I of thy threats thou princ Cox Boy,
 Nor do I fear thy foolish Insolency;
 And but thou better use thy bragging Blade,
 Than thou dost rule thy overflowing Tongue,
 Superbious *Briton*, thou shalt know too soon
 The force of *Humber* and his *Scythians*.

[*They fight, Humber and his Soldiers run in.*]

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

S C E N E VI.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber and his Soldiers.

Hum. How bravely this young *Briton, Albanact*,
 Darteth abroad the Thunderbolts of War,
 Beating down Millions with his furious Mood:
 And in his Glory triumphs over all,
 Moving the massie Squadrants of the Ground;
 Heap Hills on Hills, to scale the starry Sky:
 As when *Briareus* arm'd with hundred Hands,
 Flung forth an hundred Mountains at great *Jove*,
 And when the monstrous Giant *Monychus*
 Hurl'd Mount *Olympus* at great *Mars* his Targe,
 And shot huge Cedars at *Minerva's* Shield.
 How doth he overlook with haughty Front
 My fleeting Host, and lifts his lofty Face
 Against us all that now do fear his Force;
 Like as we see the wrathful Sea from far,
 In a great Mountain heapt with hideous noise,
 With thousand Billows beat against the Ships,
 And tofs them in the Waves like Tennis-Balls.

[*Sound the Alarm.*]

Ah me, I fear my *Hubba* is surpris'd.

Sound

Sound again. Enter Albanact.

Alba. Follow me, Soldiers, follow *Albanact*;
Pursue the *Scythians* flying through the Field:
Let none of them escape with Victory:
That they may know the *Britons* force is more
Than all the Power of the trembling *Hunns*.

Thra. Forward brave Soldiers, forward, keep the chase,
He that takes Captive *Humber* or his Son,
Shall be rewarded with a Crown of Gold.

*Sound Alarm, then let them fight, Humber give back, Hub-
ba enters at their backs, and kills Debon, Strumbo falls
down, Albanact runs in, and afterwards enters wounded.*

Alba. Injurious Fortune, hast thou crost me thus?
Thus in the Morning of my Victories,
Thus in the Prime of my Felicity
To cut me off by such hard overthrow.
Hadst thou no time thy rancour to declare,
But in the Spring of all my Dignities?
Hadst thou no place to spit thy Venom out,
But on the Person of young *Albanact*?
I that e'erwhile did scare mine Enemies,
And drove them almost to a shameful Flight:
I that e'erwhile full Lion-like did fare
Amongst the dangers of the thick-throng'd Pikes,
Must now depart most lamentably slain
By *Humber's* Treacheries and Fortune's spights:
Curst be her Charms, damn'd be her curst Charms,
That doth delude the wayward Hearts of Men,
Of Men that trust unto her fickle Wheel,
Which never leaveth turning upside-down.
O Gods, O Heav'ns, allot me but the place
Where I may find her hateful Mansion,
I'll pass the *Alps* to watry *Meroe*,
Where fiery *Phœbus* in his Chariot,
The Wheels whereof are deck'd with Emeralds,
Casts such a Heat, yea such a scorching Heat,
And spoileth *Flora* of her chequer'd Grass;
I'll overturn the Mountain *Caucasus*,
Where fell *Chimera* in her triple Shape,

Rolleth hot Flames from out her monstrous Panch,
 Scaring the Beasts with Issue of her Gorge ;
 I'll pass the frozen Zone where Icy Flakes
 Stopping the Passage of the fleeting Ships
 Do lie, like Mountains in the congeal'd Sea,
 Where if I find that hateful Houle of hers,
 I'll pull the fickle Wheel from out her Hands,
 And tye her self in everlasting Bands.
 But all in vain I breathe these Threatnings,
 The Day is lost, the *Hunns* are Conquerors,
Debon is slain, my Men are done to Death,
 The Currents swift swim violently with Blood,
 And last, O that this last Night so long last,
 My self with Wounds past all Recovery,
 Must leave my Crown for *Humber* to possess.

Strum. Lord have Mercy upon us ; Masters, I think
 this is a Holy-day, every Man lies sleeping in the
 Fields, but God knows full sore against their Wills.

Tbra. Fly, noble *Albanact*, and save thy self ;
 The *Scythians* follow with great Celerity,
 And there's no way but Flight, or speedy Death,
 Fly noble *Albanact*, and save thy self. [*Sound the Alarm.*]

Alba. Nay, let them fly that fear to die the Death,
 That tremble at the Name of fatal *Mors*.
 Ne'er shall proud *Humber* boast or brag himself,
 That he hath put young *Albanact* to flight ;
 And lest he should triumph at my decay,
 This Sword shall reave his Master of his Life,
 That oft hath sav'd his Master's doubtful Life :
 But oh my Brethren, if you care for me,
 Revenge my Death upon his Traitorous Head.

*Et vos quis domus est nigrantis regia ditis,
 Qui regitis rigido stygios moderamine lucos,
 Nox cæci reginæ poli, furialis Erinnyis,
 Diique deaque omnes, Albanum tollite regem,
 Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude ;
 Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.*

[Stabs himself.]

Enter Trompart.

O what hath he done? his Nose bleeds; but I smell a Fox.

B

Look

26 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Look where my Master lies; Master, Master.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trom. Yet one good, good, Master.

Strum. I will not speak, for I am dead, I tell thee.

Trom. *And is my Master dead?* [Singing.]

• O Sticks and Stones, Brickbats and Bones,
And is my Master dead?

• O you Cockatrices, and you Bablatrices,
That in the Woods dwell:

You Briers and Brambles, you Cook-shops and Shambles,
Come howl and yell.

With howling and screeking, with wailing and weeping,
Come you to lament.

• O Colliers of Croyden, and Rusticks of Royden,
And Fishers of Kent.

For Strumbo the Cobler, the fine merry Cobler
Of Cathnes Town:

At this same floure, and this very hour
Lies dead on the Ground.

• O Master, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin, let
me be rising, be gone, we shall be robb'd by and by.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrassier, Estrild, and the
Soldiers.

Hum. Thus from the dreadful Shocks of furious Mars,
Thundring Alarums, and *Rhamnusia's* Drum,
We are retir'd with joyful Victory,
The slaughter'd Trojans squeltring in their Blood,
Infect the Air with their Carcasses,
And are a Prey for every rav'nous Bird.

Est. So perish they that are our Enemies:
So perish they that love not *Humber's* Weal.
And mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World,
Protect my Love from all false Treacheries.

Hum. Thanks, lovely *Estrild*, solace to my Soul.
But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd against the Men of *Albany*,
See here a flowring Garland wreath'd of Bay,

As a reward for this thy forward mind. [*Sets it on his Head.*

Hub. This unexpected Honour, noble Sir,
Will prick my Courage unto braver Deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard Exploits,
That all the World shall sound of *Hubba's* Name.

Hum. And now, brave Soldiers, for this good Success
Carouze whole Cups of *Amazonian* Wine,
Sweeter than *Nectar* or *Ambrosia*.
And cast away the Clods of cursed care,
With Goblets crown'd with *Semeleius* Gifts,
Now let us march to *Abis* Silver Strems,
That clearly glide along the *Champane* Fields,
And moist the grassie Meads with humid drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, sound up cheerfully,
Sith we return with Joy and Victory. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Dumb Show. Enter *Ate* as before. A Crocodile sitting on
a River's Bank, and a little Snake stinging it. Then
both of them fall into the Water.

Ate. *S*celera in authorem cadunt.

High on a Bank by *Nilus'* boist'rous Streams,
Fearfully sat th' *Egyptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her sharp long Teeth
The broken Bowels of a silly Fish;
His Back was arm'd against the dint of Spear,
With Shields of Brass that shin'd like burnisht Gold,
And as he stretched forth his cruel Paws,
A subtle Adder creeping closely near,
Thrusting his forked Sting into his Claws,
Privily shed his Poison through his Bones,
Which made him swell that there his Bowels burst,
That did so much in his own greatness trust.
So *Humber* having conquer'd *Albanaet*,
Doth yield his Glory unto *Locrine's* Sword.
Mark what ensues, and you may easily see,
That all our Life is but a Tragedy. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Corineius, Assarachus, Thrasimachus, and Camber.

Loc. And is this true, is *Albanaetus* slain?
 Hath cursed *Humber* with his stragling Host,
 With that his Army made of mungrel Curs,
 Brought our redoubted Brother to his end?
 O that I had the *Thracian Orpheus* Harp,
 For to awake out of th' infernal Shade
 Those ugly Devils of black *Erebus*,
 That might torment the damned Traitor's Soul:
 O that I had *Amphion's* Instrument
 To quicken with his vital Notes and Tunes
 The flinty Joints of every stony Rock,
 By-which the *Scythians* might be punished;
 For, by the lightning of almighty *Jove*,
 The *Hunn* shall die, had he ten thousand Lives:
 And would to God he had ten thousand Lives,
 That I might with the airt-strong *Hercules*
 Crop off so vile an *Hydra's* hissing Heads.
 But say me, Cousin, for I long to hear,
 How *Albanaet* came by untimely Death.

Thra. After the traitorous Host of *Scythians*
 Entred the Field with Martial Equipage,
 Young *Albanaet*, impatient of delay,
 Led forth his Army 'gainst the stragling Mates,
 Whose multitude did daunt our Soldiers Minds,
 Yet nothing could dismay the forward Prince;
 But with a Courage most heroical,
 Like to a Lion 'mongst a flock of Lambs,
 Made havock of the faint-heart Fugitives,
 Hewing a passage through them with his Sword;
 Yea, we had almost giv'n them the Repulse,
 When suddenly from out the silent Wood
Hubba with twenty thousand Soldiers,
 Cowardly came upon our weakned Backs,
 And murdered all with fatal Massacre;
 Amongst the which old *Debon*, martial Knight,
 With many wounds was brought unto the Death:
 And *Albanaet* opprest with multitude,

Whilst valiantly he fell'd his Enemies,
Yielded his life and honour to the Dust.
He being dead, the Soldiers fled amain,
And I alone escaped them by flight,
To bring you tydings of those Accidents.

Loc. Not aged *Priam*, King of stately *Troy*,
Grand Emperor of barb'rous *Asia*,
When he beheld his noble-minded Son
Slain traitorously by all the *Mirmidons*,
Lamented more than I for *Albanaet*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the Queen of *Ilium*,
When she beheld the Town of *Pergamus*,
Her Palace burnt, with all-devouring flames,
Her fifty Sons and Daughters fresh of hue,
Murther'd by wicked *Pyrrhus* bloody Sword,
Shed such sad Tears as I for *Albanaet*.

Cam. The grief of *Niobe*, fair *Athens* Queen
For her seven Sons magnanimous in Field,
For her seven Daughters fairer than the fairest,
Is not to be compar'd with my laments.

Cor. In vain you sorrow for the slaughter'd Prince,
In vain you sorrow for his overthrow ;
He loves not most that doth lament the most,
But he that seeks to venge the Injury.
Think you to quell the Enemies warlike Train,
With childish Sobs and womanish Laments ?
Unsheath your Swords, unsheath your conqu'ring Swords,
And seek revenge, the comfort for this sore :
In *Cornwall*, where I hold my Regiment,
Even just ten thousand valiant Men at Arms
Hath *Corineius* ready at command :
All these and more, if need shall more require,
Hath *Corincius* ready at command.

Cam. And in the Fields of martial *Cambria*,
Close by the boist'rous *Isca*'s Silver Streams,
Where light-foot Fairies skip from Bank to Bank,
Full twenty thousand brave couragious Knights,
Well exercis'd in feats of Chivalry,
In manly manner most invincible,
Young *Camber* hath with Gold and Victual.
All these and more, if need shall more require,

I offer up to venge my Brother's Death.

Loc. Thanks, loving Uncle, and good Brother too,

For this Revenge, for this sweet word Revenge

Must ease and cease my wrongful Injuries ;

And by the Sword of bloody *Mars* I swear,

Ne'er shall sweet quiet enter this my Front,

'Till I be venged on his traitorous Head,

That slew my noble Brother *Albanact*.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, muster up the Camp,

For we will straight march to *Albania*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Humber, Estrild, Hubba, Thrassier, and the Soldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come, victorious Conqueror,

Unto the flowing Current's silver Streams,

Which in memorial of our Victory,

Shall be agnominated by our Name,

And talked of by our Posterity :

For sure I hope before the Golden Sun

Posteth his Horses to fair *Thetis'* Plains,

To see the Waters turned into Blood,

And change his blueish Hue to rueful red,

By reason of the fatal Massacre,

Which shall be made upon the virent Plains.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

Ghost. See how the Traitor doth presage his harm,

See how he glories at his own decay,

See how he triumphs at his proper Loss,

☉ Fortune vile, unstable, fickle, frail !

Hum. Methinks I see both Armies in the Field,

The broken Lances climb the Crystal Skies,

Some headless lie, some breathless on the Ground,

And every place is strew'd with Carcasses,

Behold the Grass hath lost his pleasant green,

The sweetest Sight that ever might be seen.

Ghost. Ay Traitorous *Humber*, thou shalt find it so,

Yea, to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,

With Anguish, Sorrow, and with sad Laments :

The grassie Plains, that now do please thine Eyes,

Shall ere the Night be colour'd all with Blood ;

The shady Groves that now inclose thy Camp,
And yield sweet favour to thy damned Corps,
Shall ere the Night be figured all with Blood;
The profound Stream that passed by thy Tents,
And with his Moisture serveth all thy Camp,
Shall ere the Night converted be to blood.

Yea, with the Blood of those thy stragling Boys:
For now Revenge shall ease my lingring Grief,
And now Revenge shall glut my longing Soul.

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious Victory,
Or die with Fame renown'd for Chivalry:
He is not worthy of the Honey-comb,
That shuns the Hives because the Bees have stings;
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand Dangers do accompany;
For nothing can dismay our regal Mind;
Which aims at nothing but a Golden Crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprises.
Were they enchanted in grim *Pluto's* Court,
And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish Crew,
I would either quell the tripple *Cerberus*
And all the Army of his hateful Hags,
Or roll the Stone with wretched *Syphus*.

Hum. Right martial be thy Thoughts, my noble Son,
And all thy words favour of Chivalry.

Enter Segar.

But, warlike *Segar*, what strange Accidents
Make you to leave the warding of the Camp?

Segar. To Arms, my Lord, to honourable Arms;
Take helm and targe in Hand, the *Britons* come
With greater Multitude than erst the *Greeks*
Brought to the Ports of *Phrygian Tenedos*.

Hum. But what saith *Segar* to these Accidents?
What Counsel gives he in Extremities?

Segar. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth us,
That Resolution's a sole help at need,
And this, my Lord, our Honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterprise;
'Then since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my Lord, for Victory.

Hum. And resolute, *Segar*, I mean to be,
Perhaps some blisful Star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed State:
Come let us in and fortifie our Camp,
So to withstand their strong Invasion.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Strumbo, Trompart, Oliver and his Son William following them.

Strum. Nay, Neighbour *Oliver*, if you be so whot, come prepare your self, you shall find two as stout Fellows of us, as any in all the North.

Oliv. No by my droth Neighbour *Strumbo*, Ich zee dat you are a Man of small zideration, dat will zeek to injure your old vriends, one of your vamiliar guests, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reason, Ich and my zonne *William* will take dat course, dat shall be fardest vrom reason; how zay you, will you have my Daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard question, Neighbour, but I will solve it as I may; what reason have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry Sir, what reason had you when my Sister was in the barn to trumble her upon the Hay, and to fish her Belly?

Strum. Mafs thou say'st true; well, but would you have me marry her therefore? No, I scorn her, and you, and you: Ay, I scorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we school you, ere you and we part hence.

Enter Margery, and snatches the Staff out of her Brother's Hand as he is fighting.

Strum. Ay you come in Pudding-time, or else I had drest them.

Mar. You Master Saucebox, Lobcocks, Cockscorb, you Slop-sauce, Lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who speak you to, me?

Mar. Ay, Sir, to you, *John Lack-honesty*, little Wit, is it you that will have none of me?

Strum.

Strum. No by my troth, Mistrefs Nicebice, how fine you can Nick-name me; I think you were brought up in the Univerfity of *Bridewell*, you have your Rhetorick fo ready at your Tongue's end, as if you were never well warn'd when you were young.

Mar. Why then Goodman cods-head, if you will have none of me, farewel.

Strum. If you be fo plain, Mistrefs Driggle-draggle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, Master *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence we muft have more words, you will have none of me? [*They fight.*]

Strum. Oh my Head, my Head, leave, leave, leave, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now Master *Strumbo*, hath my Daughter taught you a new Lesson?

Strum. Ay but hear you, Goodman *Oli-ver*, it will not be for my ease to have my Head broken every Day, therefore remedy this and we fhall agree.

Oliv. Well Zon, well, for you are my Zon now, all fhall be remedied, Daughter be Friends with him.

[*Shake Hands.*]

Strum. You are a sweet Nut, the Devil crack you. Masters, I think it be my luck, my firft Wife was a loving quiet Wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would ſhe might be burnt as my other Wife was; if not, I muft run to the Halter for help. O Cod-piece, thou haft undone thy Mafter, this it is, to be meddling with warm Plackets. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Thraſimachus, and Affarachus,

Loc. Now am I guarded with an hoſt of Men,
 Whoſe haughty Courage is invincible:
 Now am I hem'd with Troops of Soldiers,
 Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
 And make her tremble at their Puiſſance.
 Now ſit I like the mighty God of War,
 When armed with his Coat of Adamant,
 Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls,

34 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

He drove the *Argives* over *Xanthus* Streams:
 Now, curst *Humber*, doth thy end draw nigh,
 Down goes the Glory of his Victories;
 And all his Fame, and all his high Renown,
 Shall in a moment yield to *Locrine's* Sword:
 Thy bragging Banners crost with argent Streams,
 The Ornaments of thy Pavilions,
 Shall all be captivated with this Hand,
 And thou thy self, at *Albanactus'* Tomb
 Shalt offer'd be, in Satisfaction.

Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he liv'd.
 But canst thou tell me, brave *Thrasimachus*,
 How far we are distant from *Humber's* Camp.

Thra. My Lord; within yon foul accursed Grove,
 That bears the Tokens of our overthrow,
 This *Humber* hath intrench'd his damned Camp.
 March on, my Lord, because I long to see
 The treacherous *Scythians* squeltring in their gore.

Loc. Sweet Fortune, favour *Locrine* with a smile,
 That I may venge my noble Brother's Death,
 And in the midst of stately *Troynovant*,
 I'll build a Temple to thy Deity
 Of perfect Marble, and of *Jacinth* Stones,
 That it shall pass the highest *Pyramids*,
 Which with their top surmount the firmament.

Cam. The arm-strong Off-spring of the doubted
 Stout *Hercules*, *Almena's* mighty Son, [Knight,
 That tam'd the Monsters of the three-fold World,
 And rid the oppressed from the Tyrants Yokes,
 Did never shew such valiantness in Fight,
 As I will now for noble *Albanact*.

Cor. Full fourscore Years hath *Corineus* liv'd,
 Sometimes in War, sometimes in quiet Peace,
 And yet I feel my self to be as strong,
 As erst I was in Summer of mine Age,
 Able to toss this great unwieldy Club,
 Which hath been painted with my foe-mens Brains:
 And with this Club I'll break the strong array
 Of *Humber* and his stragling Soldiers,
 Or lose my Life amongst the thickest press,
 And die with Honour in my latest Days:

Yet ere I die they all shall understand,
What force lies in stout *Corineius* Hand.

Thra. And if *Thrasimachus* detract the Fight,
Either for weakness or for cowardise,
Let him not boast that *Brutus* was his Eame,
Or that brave *Corineius* was his Sire.

Loc. Then courage, Soldiers, first for your Safety,
Next for your Peace, last for your Victory. [*Exeunt.*
Sound the Alarm. Enter Hubba and Segar at one Door,
and Corineius at the other.

Cor. Art thou that *Humber*, Prince of Fugitives,
That by thy Treason slew'st young *Albanaet*?

Hub. I am his Son that slew young *Albanaet*,
And if thou take not heed, proud *Pbrygian*,
I'll send thy Soul unto the *Stygian Lake*;
There to complain of *Humber's* Injuries.

Cor. You triumph, Sir, before the Victory,
For *Corineius* is not so soon slain.

But, cursed *Scythians*, you shall rue the Day,
That e'er you came into *Albania*.

So perish they that envy *Britain's* wealth,
So let them die with endless infamy,
And he that seeks his Sovereign's overthrow,
Would his my Club might aggravate his Woe.

[*Strikes them both down with his Club.*

Enter Humber.

Hum. Where may I find some desert Wilderness,
Where I may breathe out curses as I would,
And scare the Earth with my condemning Voice,
Where every Echo's repercussion

May help me to bewail my Overthrow,
And aid me in my sorrowful laments?

Where may I find some hollow uncouth Rock,
Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill,
The Heav'ns, the Hell, the Earth, the Air, the Fire,
And utter curses to the concave Sky,

Which may infect the airy Regions,
And light upon the *Briton Locrine's* Head?

You ugly Spirits that in *Cocytus* mourn,
And gnash your Teeth with dolorous laments,
You fearful dogs that in black *Lethe* howl,

And

And scare the Ghosts with your wide open throats,
 You ugly Ghosts that flying from these dogs,
 Do plunge yourselves in *Puriflegiton*.
 Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes
 Accompany the *Britons* Conquering Host.
 Come fierce *Erinnys*, horrible with Snakes,
 Come ugly Furies, armed with your Whips,
 You threefold Judges of black *Tartarus*,
 And all the Army of your hellish Fiends,
 With new-found torments rack proud *Lochrine's* Bones.
 O Gods and Stars, damn'd be the Gods and Stars,
 That did not drown me in fair *Thetis's* Plains.
 Curst be the Sea that with outrageous Waves,
 With surging Billows did not rive my Ships
 Against the Rocks of high *Ceraunia*,
 Or swallowed me into her watry Gulf.
 Would God we had arriv'd upon the Shore
 Where *Polyphemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
 Or where the bloody *Anthropophagi*
 With greedy Jaws devour the wandring Wights:

Enter the Ghost of Albanactus.

But why comes *Albanactus's* bloody Ghost
 To bring a cor'sive to our miseries!
 Is't not enough to suffer shameful flight,
 But we must be tormented now with Ghosts?
 With Apparitions fearful to behold?

Ghost. Revenge, revenge for Blood.

Hum. So, nought will satisfie your wandring Ghost,
 But dire revenge, nothing but *Humber's* fall,
 Because he conquer'd you in *Albany*.
 Now by my Soul, *Humber* would be condemn'd
 To *Tantal's* Hunger, or *Ixion's* Wheel,
 Or to the *Vulture* of *Prometheus*,
 Rather than that this Murther were undone.
 When as I die I'll drag thy cursed Ghost
 Through all the Rivers of fowl *Erebus*,
 Through burning Sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
 To allay the burning fury of that heat,
 That rageth in mine everlasting Soul.

Ghost. *Vindicta, vindicta.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Ate as before. Then Omphale Daughter to the King of Lydia, having a Club in her Hand, and a Lion's skin on her Back, Hercules following with a Distaff. Then Omphale turns, and taking off her Pantofle, strikes Hercules on the Head, then they depart. Ate remaining, says;

Quem non Argolici mandata severa Tyranni,
Non potuit Juno vincere, vicit amor.

Stout *Hercules*, the mirror of the World,
Son to *Alcmena* and great *Jupiter*,
After so many Conquests won in Field,
After so many Moniters quell'd by force,
Yielded his valiant Heart to *Omphale*,
A fearful Woman void of manly strength:
She took the Club, and wore the Lion's Skin,
He took the Wheel, and maidenly 'gan spin.
So Martial *Lochrine* cheer'd with Victory,
Falleth in love with *Humber's* Concubine,
And so forgetteth peerless *Guendeline*.
His Uncle *Corineius* storms at this,
And forceth *Lochrine* for his Grace to sue,
Lo here the Sum, the Procces doth ensue. [Exit,

S C E N E II.

Enter Lochrine, Camber, Corineius, Assarachus, Thrasimachus, and the Soldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellona's* broils,
With sound of Drum and Trumpets melody,
The *Britain* King returns triumphantly,
The *Scythians* slain with great occision,
Do equalize the Grasse 'in multitude,
And with their Blood have stain'd the streaming Brooks,
Offering their Bodies and their dearest Blood
As sacrifice to *Albanaetus* Ghost.
Now cursed *Humber* hast thou paid thy due,
For thy Deceits and crafty Treacheries,
For all thy Guiles, and damned Stratagems,
With loss of Life and everduring shame.

Where

Where are thy Horses trap'd with burnish'd Gold,
 Thy trampling Coursers rul'd with foaming bits?
 Where are thy Soldiers strong and numberless?
 Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers;
 Ev'n as the Country Clowns with sharpest Scythes,
 Do mow the wither'd Grass from off the Earth;
 Or as the Plough-man with his piercing Share
 Renteth the Bowels of the fertile Fields,
 And rippeth up the Roots with Razors keen;
 So *Locrine*, with his mighty curtle Axe,
 Hath cropped off the Heads of all thy *Huns*,
 So *Locrine's* Peers have daunted all thy Peers,
 And drove thy Host unto Confusion,
 That thou may'st suffer Penance for thy fault,
 And die for murdering valiant *Albanact*.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, shall all the rest be serv'd,
 That seek to enter *Albion*'gainst our wills.
 If the brave Nation of the *Troglodites*;
 If all the coal-black *Ethiopians*,
 If all the Forces of the *Amazons*,
 If all the Host of the *Barbarian* Lands,
 Should dare to enter this our little World,
 Soon should they rue their over-bold attempts,
 That after us our Progeny may say,
 There lies the Beast that sought to usurp our Land.

Loc. Ay, they are Beasts that seek to usurp our Land.
 And like to brutish Beasts they shall be serv'd.
 For mighty *Jove*, the supreme King of Heav'n;
 That guides the concourse of the *Meteors*;
 And rules the motion of the azure Sky,
 Fights always for the *Britains* safety.
 But stay, methinks, I hear some shrieking noise,
 That draweth near to our Pavillion.

Enter Soldiers leading in Estrild.

Est. What Prince soe'er adorn'd with golden Crown,
 Doth sway the Regal Sceptre in his Hand!
 And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
 Or that his state shall everlasting stand,
 Let him behold poor *Estrild* in this plight,
 The perfect Platform of a troubled Wight.
 Once was I guarded with mavortial bands,

Compact:

Compact with Princes of the noble Blood,
Now am I fallen into my Foe-mens hands,
And with my death must pacify their mood.
O Life, the harbour of calamities,
O Death, the haven of all miseries,
I could compare my sorrows to thy woe,
Thou wretched Queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
But that thou view'dst thy Enemies overthrow,
Nigh to the Rock of high *Caphareus*.
Thou saw'st their death, and then departed'st thence,
I must abide the victor's insolence.

The Gods that pitied thy continual grief,
Transform'd thy Corps, and with thy Corps thy care,
Poor *Estrild* lives despairing of relief,
For Friends in trouble are but few and rare.

What, said I, few? Ay, few or none at all,
For cruel Death made havock of them all.
Thrice happy they, whose fortune was so good,
To end their lives, and with their lives their woes;
Thrice hapless I, whom Fortune so withstood,
That cruelly she gave me to my Foes.

O Soldiers, is there any misery
To be compar'd to Fortune's treachery?

Loc. *Camber*, this same should be the *Scythian Queen*.

Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So fair a Dame mine Eyes did never see,

With floods of woes she seems o'erwhelm'd to be.

Cam. O *Locrine*, hath she not a cause for to be sad?

[*Locrine at one end of the Stage.*]

Loc. If she have cause to weep for *Humber's* death,

And shed salt tears for her Overthrow:

Locrine may well bewail his proper grief,

Locrine may move his own peculiar woe.

He being conquer'd, died a speedy death,

And felt not long his lamentable smart;

I being a Conqueror, live a lingring Life,

And feel the force of *Cupid's* sudden stroke.

I gave him cause to die a speedy death,

He left me cause to wish a speedy death.

O that sweet Face painted with Nature's dye,

Those roseal Cheeks mixt with a snowy white,

That

That decent Neck surpassing Ivory,
 Those comely Breasts which *Venus* well might spite,
 Are like to snares which wily fowlers wrought,
 Wherein my yielding Heart is prisoner caught.
 The golden tresses of her dainty Hair,
 Which shine like Rubies glittering with the Sun,
 Have so entrap'd poor *Locrine's* love-sick Heart,
 That from the same no way it can be won.
 How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,
 One dram of Joy must have a pound of Care?

Est. Hard is their fall, who from a Golden Crown
 Are cast into a Sea of wretchedness.

Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by *Cupid's* frown
 Are wrapt in Waves of endless carefulness.

Est. O Kingdom, Object to all miseries.

Loc. O Love, the extrem'st of all extremities.

[*Goes into his Chair.*]

Sold. My Lord, in ransacking the *Scythian* Tents,
 I found this Lady, and to manifest
 That earnest Zeal I bear unto your Grace,
 I here present her to your Majesty.

Another Sold. He lyes, my Lord, I found the Lady first,
 And here present her to your Majesty.

1 *Sold.* Presumptuous Villain, wilt thou take my prize?

2 *Sold.* Nay rather thou depriv'st me of my right.

1 *Sold.* Resign thy Title, Caitive unto me,
 Or with my Sword I'll pierce thy Coward's Loins.

2 *Sold.* Soft words, good Sir, 'tis not enough to speak:
 A barking Dog doth seldom Strangers bite.

Loc. Unreverent Villains, strive you in our fight?
 Take them hence, Jailor, to the Dungeon,
 There let them lie and try their quarrel out;
 But thou, fair Princess, be no whit dismay'd,
 But rather joy that *Locrine* favours thee.

Est. How can he favour me that slew my Spouse?

Loc. The chance of War, my Love, took him from thee.

Est. But *Locrine* was the causer of his death.

Loc. He was an Enemy to *Locrine's* State,
 And slew my noble Brother *Albanact*.

Est. But he was link'd to me in Marriage-bond,
 And would you have me love his slaughterer?

Loc. Better to live, than not to live at all.

Est.

Est. Better to die renown'd for chastity,
Than live with shame and endless infamy.
What would the common sort report of me,
If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?

Loc. King's need not fear the vulgar sentences.

Est. But Ladies must regard their honest Name.

Loc. Is it a shame to live in Marriage-bonds

Est. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King.

Loc. If thou wilt yield to *Lochrine's* burning Love,
Thou shalt be Queen of fair *Albania*.

Est. But *Guendeline* will undermine my State.

Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Est. Then lo, brave *Lochrine*, *Estrild* yields to thee,
And by the Gods, whom thou dost invoke,
By the dread Ghost of thy deceased Sire,
By thy right-hand, and by thy burning Love,
'Take pity on poor *Estrild's* wretched thrall.

Cori. Hath *Lochrine* then forgot his *Guendeline*,
That thus he courts the *Scythians* Paramour?
What, are the words of *Brute* so soon forgot?
Are my deserts so quickly out of mind?
Have I been faithful to thy Sire now dead?
Have I protected thee from *Humber's* hand,
And dost thou quit me with Ungratitude?
Is this the Guerdon for my grievous wounds?
Is this the Honour for my labours past?
Now by my Sword, *Lochrine*, I swear to thee,
This Injury of thine shall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, scorn you your Royal Sovereign,
As if we stood for Cyphers in the Court?
Upbraid you me with those your benefits?
Why, it was a Subject's duty so to do.
What you have done for our deceased Sire
We know, and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avant, proud Princox, brav'st thou me withal?
Assure thy self though thou be Emperor,
Thou ne'er shalt carry this unpunished.

Cam. Pardon my Brother, noble *Corineius*,
Pardon this once, and it shall be amended.

Asa. Cousin, remember *Brutus* latest words,
How he desired you to cherish them:

Let not this fault so much incense your Mind,
Which is not yet passed all remedy.

Cori. Then *Locrine*, lo I reconcile my self,
But as thou lov'st thy Life, so love thy Wife.
But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy Head.
Come, let us back to stately *Troynewant*,
Where all these matters shall be settled.

Loc. Millions of Devils wait upon thy Soul, [*To himself.*]
Legions of Spirits vex thy impious Ghost:
Ten thousand Torments rack thy cursed bones.
Let every thing that hath the use of Breath,
Be instruments and workers of thy death. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Humber alone, his Hair hanging over his Shoulders,
his Arms all bloody, and a Dart in one Hand.*

Hum. What Basilisk hath hatched in this place,
Where every thing consumed is to nought?
What fearful Fury haunts these cursed Groves,
Where not a root is left for *Humber's* Meat?
Hath fell *Alecto* with envenom'd blasts,
Breathed forth poison in these tender Plains?
Hath tripple *Cerberus* with contagious foam,
Sow'd *Aconitum* 'mongst these wither'd Herbs?
Hath dreadful *Fames* with her charming rods
Brought barrenness on every fruitful Tree?
What not a Root, no Fruit, no Beast, no Bird,
To nourish *Humber* in this Wilderness?
What would you more, you Fiends of *Erebus*?
My very Intrails burn for want of drink,
My Bowels cry, *Humber* give us some meat,
But wretched *Humber* can give you no meat,
These foul accursed Groves afford no meat:
This fruitless soil, this ground brings forth no meat,
The Gods, hard-hearted Gods, yield me no meat,
Then how can *Humber* give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo with a Pitch-fork and a Scotch Cap.

Strum. How do you, Masters, how do you? how have
you 'scaped hanging this long time? i'faith I have 'scaped
many a scouring this Year, but I thank God I have pass
them

them all with a good couragio, couragio, and my Wife and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my manhood and my strength; for I will tell you, Masters, upon a certain Day at Night I came home, to say the very truth, with my Stomach full of Wine, and ran up into the Chamber, where my Wife soberly sat rocking my little Baby, leaning her back against the Bed, singing lullaby. Now when she saw me come with my Nose foremost, thinking that I had been drunk, as I was indeed, snatch'd up a Faggot-stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards me, with a big Face, as though she would have eaten me at a bit; thundering out these words unto me, Thou drunken Knave, where hast thou been so long? I shall teach thee how to benight me another time; and so she began to play Knaves-Trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing she would set her ten Commandments in my Face, ran within her, and taking her lustily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the Bed, and flinging her upon it, flung my self upon her; and there I delighted her so with the sport I made, that ever after she would call me sweet Husband, and so banish'd brawling for ever; and to see the good Will of the Wench, she bought with her Portion a Yard of Land, and by that I am now become one of the richest Men in our Parish. Well, Masters, what's a Clock? It is now Break'ast time, you shall see what meat I have here for my Breakfast.

[*He sits down and pulls out his Victuals.*]

Hum. Was ever Land so fruitless as this Land?
Was ever Grove so graceless as this Grove?
Was ever Soil so barren as this Soil?
Oh no: The Land where hungry *Fames* dwelt,
May no ways equalize this curted Land;
No, even the Climate of the Torrid Zone
Brings forth more fruit than this accursed Grove:
Ne'er came sweet *Ceres*, ne'er came *Venus* here;
Triptolemus the God of Husbandmen,
Ne'er sow'd his Seed in this foul Wilderness.
The hunger-bitten Dogs of *Acheron*,
Chac'd from the nine-fold *Puripblegion*,
Have set their Footsteps in this damned Ground.
The Iron-hearted Furies arm'd with Snakes,

Scatter'd.

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Scatter'd huge *Hydra's* over all the Plains,
Which have consum'd the Grass, the Herbs, the Trees;
Which have drunk up the flowing Water-Springs.

[*Strumbo hearing his Voice starts up, and puts his Meat in his Pocket, seeking to hide himself.*

Hum. Thou great Commander of the starry Sky,
That guid'st the Life of every mortal Wight,
From the inclosures of the fleeting Clouds
Rain down some Food, or else I faint and die;
Pour down some Drink, or else I faint and die.

O *Jupiter*, halt thou sent *Mercury*
In clownish Shape to minister some Food?
Some Meat, some Meat, some Meat.

Strum. O alas, Sir, ye are deceiv'd, I am not
Mercury, I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat,
Or 'gainst this Rock I'll dash thy curst Brains,
And rend thy Bowels with my bloody Hands;
Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat.

Strum. By the Faith of my Body, good Fellow, I
had rather give a whole Ox, than that thou shouldst
serve me in that sort. Dash out my Brains! O hor-
rible, terrible. I think I have a quarry of Stones in
my Pocket.

He makes as though he would give him some, and as he putteth out his Hand, enters the Ghost of Albanact, and strikes him on the Hand, and so Strumbo runs out; Humber following him. [Exit.

Ghost. Lo here the Gift of fell Ambition,
Of Usurpation and of Treachery,
Lo here the harms that wait upon all those
That do intrude themselves in others Lands,
Which are not under their Dominion. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Locrine alone.

Loc. Seven Years hath aged *Corineius* liv'd
To *Locrine's* Grief, and fair *Estrilda's* Woe,
And seven Years more he hopeth yet to live:
Oh supreme *Jove*, annihilate this thought.

Should.

Should he enjoy the Air's Fruition?
 Should he enjoy the Benefit of Life?
 Should he contemplate the radiant Sun,
 That makes my Life equal to dreadful Death?
Venus convey this Monster from the Earth,
 That disobeyeth thus thy sacred Hests;
Cupid convey this Monster to dark Hell,
 That disannuls thy Mother's sugar'd Laws.
Mars with thy Target all beset with Flames,
 With murdering Blade bereave him of his Life,
 That hindreth *Locrine* in his sweetest Joys.
 And yet for all his diligent aspect,
 His wrathful Eyes piercing like Linces Eyes,
 Well have I over-match'd his Subtilty.
 Nigh *Deucolium* by the pleasant *Lee*,
 Where brackish *Thamis* slides with silver Streams,
 Making a Breach into the grassy Downs,
 A curious Arch of costly Marble fraught,
 Hath *Locrine* framed underneath the Ground,
 The Walls whereof, garnisht with Diamonds,
 With Ophirs, Rubies, glistering Emeralds,
 And interlac'd with Sun-bright Carbuncles,
 Lightens the room with artificial Day,
 And from the *Lee* with water-flowing Pipes
 The moiture is deriv'd into this Arch,
 Where I have plac'd fair *Efrild* secretly.
 Thither oftsoons accompanied with my Page,
 I covertly visit my Heart's desire,
 Without suspicion of the meanest Eye,
 For Love aboundeth still with Policy.
 And thither still means *Locrine* to repair,
 'Till *Atropos* cut off mine Uncle's Life.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter Humber alone, saying;

O vita misero longa, felici brevis!

Eheu malorum fames extremum malum.

Long have I lived in this desert Cave,
 With eating Haws and miserable Roots,
 Devouring Leaves and beastly Excrements.

Caves

Caves were my Beds, and Stones my Pillowberes,
 Fear was my Sleep, and Horror was my Dream;
 For still methought at every boisterous Blast,
 Now *Locrine* comes, now *Humber* thou must die;
 So that for Fear and Hunger, *Humber's* Mind
 Can never rest, but always trembling stands.
 O what *Danubius* now may quench my Thirst?
 What *Euphrates*, what light-foot *Euripus*
 May now allay the Fury of that Heat,
 Which raging in my Entrails eats me up?
 You ghastly Devils of the ninefold *Styx*,
 You damned Ghosts of joyless *Acheron*,
 You mournful Souls, vext in *Abyssus* Vaults,
 You cole-black Devils of *Avernus* Pond,
 Come with your Flesh-hooks, rend my famisht Arms,
 These Arms that have sustain'd their Master's Life;
 Come with your Razors rip my Bowels up,
 With your sharp Fire-forks crack my starved Bones,
 Use me as you will, so *Humber* may not live.
 Accursed Gods that rule the starry Poles,
 Accursed *Jove*, King of th' accursed Gods,
 Cast down your Lightning on poor *Humber's* Head,
 That I may leave this Death-like Life of mine.
 What hear you not, and shall not *Humber* die?
 Nay I will die, though all the Gods say nay.
 And gentle *Aby* take my troubled Corps,
 Take it and keep it from all mortal Eyes,
 That none may say, when I have lost my Breath,
 The very Floods conspir'd 'gainst *Humber's* Death.

[Flings himself into the River.]

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

En cædem sequitur, cædes in cæde quiesco.
Humber is dead, joy Heav'ns, leap Earth, dance Trees;
 Now may'st thou reach thy Apples, *Tantalus*,
 And with 'em feed thy hunger-bitten Limbs.
 Now *Sisyphus* leave tumbling of thy Rock,
 And rest thy restless Bones upon the same.
 Unbind *Ixion*, cruel *Rhadamanth*,
 And lay proud *Humber* on the whirling Wheel.
 Back will I post to Hell-Mouth *Tænarus*,

And

And pass *Cocytus*, to the *Elysian* Fields,
And tell my Father *Brutus* of this News.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ate as before. Jason leading Creon's Daughter. Medea following, a Garland in her Hand, and putting it on Creon's Daughter's Head, setteth it on fire, and then killing Jason and her, departs.

Ate. **N**ON tam Trinacriis exæstuat Ætna cavernis,
Læse furtivo quam cor mulieris amore.

Medea seeing Jason leave her Love,
And chuse the Daughter of the *Theban* King,
Went to her devilish Charms to work Revenge,
And raising up the triple *Hecate*,
With all the rout of the condemned Fiends,
Framed a Garland by her magick Skill,
With which she wrought *Jason* and *Creon's* Ill.
So Guendeline seeing her self misus'd,
And *Humber's* Paramour possess her place,
Flies to the Dukedom of *Cornubia*,
And with her Brother, stout *Thrasimachus*,
Gathering a Power of *Cornish* Soldiers,
Gives Battle to her Husband and his Host,
Nigh to the River of great *Mercia* :
The Chances of this dismal Massacre,
That which ensueth shortly will unfold.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Assarachus, and Thrasimachus.

Assa. But tell me, Cousin, dy'd my Brother so?
Now who is left to hapless *Albion*,
That as a Pillar might uphold our State,
That might strike Terror to our daring Foes?
Now who is left to hapless *Britany*,
That might defend her from the barb'rous Hands
Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,
And seek to work her downfal and decay?

Cam.

Cam. Ay Uncle, Death's our common Enemy,
 And none but Death can match our matchless Power;
 Witness the Fall of *Albionius* Crew;
 Witness the Fall of *Humber* and his *Hunns*,
 And this foul Death hath now increas'd our Woe,
 By taking *Corineius* from this Life,
 And in his room leaving us Worlds of Care.

Thra. But none may more bewail his mournful Hearse,
 Than I that am the Issue of his Loins.
 Now foul befall that cursed *Humber's* Throat,
 That was the causer of his lingering Wound.

Loc. Tears cannot raise him from the Dead again,
 But where's my Lady, Mistress *Guendeline*?

Thra. In *Cornwall*, *Lochrine*, is my Sister now,
 Providing for my Father's Funeral.

Loc. And let her there provide her mourning Weeds,
 And mourn for ever her own Widow-hood,
 Ne'er shall she come within our Palace-Gate,
 To counter-check brave *Lochrine* in his Love.

Go, Boy, to *Deucolitus*, down the *Lee*,
 Unto the Arch where lovely *Estrild* lies,
 Bring her and *Sabren* straight unto the Court,
 She shall be Queen in *Guendeline's* room.

Let others wail for *Corineius's* Death,
 I mean not so to macerate my Mind,
 For him that barr'd me from my Heart's Desire.

Thra. Hath *Lochrine* then forsook his *Guendeline*?
 Is *Corineius's* Death so soon forgot?

If there be Gods in Heav'n, as sure there be,
 If there be Fiends in Hell, as needs there must,
 They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
 And pour their Plagues upon thy cursed Head.

Loc. What, prat'st thou, Peasant, to thy Sovereign?
 Or art thou stricken in some Extasy?

Dost thou not tremble at our Royal Looks?
 Dost thou not quake when mighty *Lochrine* frowns?

Thou beardless Boy, were't not that *Lochrine* scorns
 To vex his mind with such a Heartless Child,

With the sharp Point of this my Battle-axe,
 I'd send thy Soul to *Puriphlegiton*.

Thra. Though I be young and of a tender Age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.
My noble Father, with his conqu'ring Sword,
Slew the two Giants, Kings of *Aquitain*.

Thrasimachus is not so degenerate,
That he should fear and tremble at the Looks,
Or taunting Words of a Venerean Squire.

Loc. Menacest thou thy Royal Sovereign?
Uncivil, not befitting such as you.
Injurious Traitor (for he is no less
That at defiance standeth with his King)
Leave these thy Taunts, leave these thy bragging Words,
Unless thou mean'st to leave thy wretched Life.

Thra. If Princes stain their glorious Dignity
With ugly spots of monstrous Infamy,
They lose their former Estimation,
And throw themselves into a Hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle Patience,
As though thou didst our high displeasure scorn?
Proud Boy, that thou may'st know thy Prince is mov'd,
Yea, greatly mov'd at this thy swelling Pride,
We banish thee for ever from our Court.

Thra. Then, lofel *Locrine*, look unto thyself,
Thrasimachus will revenge this Injury. [Exit.

Loc. Farewel, proud Boy, and learn to use thy Tongue.

Assa. Alas, my Lord, you should have call'd to mind,
The latest Words that *Brutus* spake to you.
How he desir'd you, by the Obedience
That Children ought to bear their Sire,
To love and favour Lady *Guendeline* :
Consider this, that if the Injury
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and Dissension follow speedily.
What though her Power be not so great as yours,
Have you not seen a mighty Elephant
Slain by the biting of a lilly Mouse?
Even so the chance of War inconstant is.

Loc. Peace, Uncle, Peace, and cease to talk thereof;
For he that seeks, by whispering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine*, in his sweetest Life,
Let him persuade himself to die the death.

Enter the Page, with Estrild and Sabren.

Est. O say me, Page, tell me, where is the King?
Wherefore doth he send me to the Court?
Is it to die? is it to end my Life?
Say me, sweet Boy, tell me and do not feign.

Page. No, trust me, Madam, if you will credit the little
Honesty that is yet left me, there is no such Danger as you
fear; but prepare your self, yonder's the King.

Est. Then *Estrild*, lift thy dazled Spirits up, [*Kneeling.*
And bless that blessed time, that Day, that Hour,
That warlike *Lochrine* first did favour thee.
Peace to the King of *Britany*, my Love,
Peace to all those that love and favour him.

Loc. Doth *Estrild* fall with such Submission

[*Taking her up.*

Before her Servant King of *Albion*?

Arise, fair Lady, leave this lovely Chear,
Lift up those Looks that cherish *Lochrine's* Heart,
That I may freely view that roseal Face,
Which so entangled hath my love-sick Breast.
Now to the Court, where we will court it out,
And pass the Night and Day in *Venus's* Sports.
Frollick, brave Peers, be joyful with your King. [*Exunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Guendeline, Thrasimachus, Madan, and Soldiers.

Guen. You gentle Winds, that with your modest Blasts
Pass through the Circuit of the Heav'nly Vault,
Enter the Clouds unto the Throne of *Jove*,
And bear my Pray'rs to his all-hearing Ears,
For *Lochrine* hath forsaken *Guendeline*,
And learn to love proud *Humber's* Concubine.
You happy Sprites that in the concave Sky,
With pleasant Joy, enjoy your sweetest Love,
Shed forth those Tears with me, which then you shed,
When first you woo'd your Ladies to their Wills:
Those Tears are fittest for my woful Case,
Since *Lochrine* shuns my nothing-pleasant Face,
Blush Heav'n, blush Sun, and hide thy shining Beams,
Shadow thy radiant Locks in gloomy Clouds,
Deny thy chearful Light unto the World,

Where

Where nothing reigns but Falshood and Deceit.
 What, said I, Falshood? Ay, that filthy Crime,
 For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendeline*.

Behold the Heav'ns do wail for *Guendeline*:
 The shining Sun doth blush for *Guendeline*:
 The liquid Air doth weep for *Guendeline*:
 The very Ground doth groan for *Guendeline*:
 Ay, they are milder than the *Britain* King,
 For he rejecteth luckless *Guendeline*.

Thra. Sister, complaints are bootless in this case,
 This open Wrong must have an open Plague:
 This Plague must be repaid with grievous War,
 This War must finish with *Loctrinus*' Death,
 His Death will soon extinguish our Complaints.

Guen. O no, his Death will more augment my woes;
 He was my Husband, brave *Thrasimachus*,
 More dear to me than th'apple of mine Eye,
 Nor can I find in Heart to work his Scathe.

Thra. Madam, if not your proper Injuries,
 Nor my Exile, can move you to revenge:
 Think on our Father *Corinaus*' Words,
 His Words to us stand always for a Law.
 Should *Locrine* live, that caus'd my Father's Death?
 Should *Locrine* live, that now divorceth you?
 The Heav'ns, the Earth, the Air, the Fire reclaims;
 And then why should all we deny the same?

Guen. Then henceforth farewell womanish Complaints,
 All childish Pity henceforth then farewell:
 But cursed *Locrine*, look unto thy self,
 For *Nemesis*, the Mistress of Revenge,
 Sits arm'd at all Points on our dismal Blades,
 And cursed *Estrild*, that inflam'd his Heart,
 Shall, if I live, die a reproachful Death.

Mad. Mother, tho' Nature makes me to lament
 My luckless Father's froward Letchery;
 Yet for he wrongs my Lady Mother, thus,
 I, if I could, my self would work his Death.

Thra. See, Madam, see, the desire of Revenge
 Is in the Children of a tender Age.

Forward, brave Soldiers, into *Mercia*,
 Where we shall brave the Coward to his Face. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Locrine, Estrild, Sabren, Assarachus, and the Soldiers.

Loc. Tell me, *Assarachus*, are the *Cornish* Chuffs
In such great number come to *Mercia*,
And have they pitched there their Host,
So close unto our Royal Mansion?

Assa. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent
To bid defiance to your Majesty.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to think that *Guendeline*
Should have the Heart to come in Arms against me.

Estr. Alas, my Lord, the Horse will run amain
When as the Spur doth gall him to the Bone;
Jealousy, *Locrine*, hath a wicked sting.

Loc. Say'st thou so, *Estrild*, Beauty's Paragon?
Well, we will try her Choker to the Proof,
And make her know, *Locrine* can brook no braves.
March on, *Assarachus*, thou must lead the way,
And bring us to their proud Pavilion. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter the Ghost of Corineius, with Thunder and Lightning.

Ghost. Behold, the Circuit of the azure Sky
Throws forth sad Throbs, and grievous Suxpurs,
Prejudicating *Locrine's* Overthrow:
The Fire casteth forth sharp darts of Flames,
The great Foundation of the triple World
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty noise,
Presaging bloody Massacres at hand.
The wandring Birds that flutter in the dark,
When hellish Night in cloudy Chariot seated,
Casterh her Mists on shady *Tellus's* Face,
With sable Mantles cov'ring all the Earth,
Now fly abroad amid the chearful Day,
Foretelling some unwonted Misery.
The snarling Curs of darkned *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Avernus* Ponds by *Rhadamanth*,
With howling Ditties pester ev'ry Wood;
The watry Ladies, and the light-foot Fawns,

And

And all the rabble of the woody Nymphs,
All trembling hide themselves in shady Groves,
And shroud themselves in hideous hollow Pits.
The boisterous *Boreas* thund'reth forth Revenge:
The stony Rocks cry out on sharp Revenge:
The thorny Bush pronounceth dire Revenge.

[*Sound the Alarm.*]

Nay *Corineus* stay and see Revenge,
And feed thy Soul with *Lochrine's* Overthrow:
Behold they come, the Trumpets call them forth,
The roaring Drums summon the Soldiers.
Lo! where their Army glistereth on the Plains.
Throw forth thy Lightning, mighty *Jupiter*,
And pour thy Plagues on cursed *Lochrine's* Head [*Stands aside.*]

*Enter Locrine, Estrild, Assarachus, Sabren and their Soldiers
at one Door; Thrasimachus, Guendeline, Madan, and
their Followers at another.*

Loc. What, is the Tiger started from his Cave?
Is *Guendeline* come from *Cornubia*,
That thus she braveth *Lochrine* to the Teeth?
And hast thou found thine Armour, pretty Boy,
Accompanied with these thy straggling Mates?
Believe me but this Enterprize was bold,
And well deserveth Commendation.

Guen. Ay, *Lochrine*, Trait'rous *Lochrine*, we are come,
With full pretence to seek thine Overthrow.
What have I done that thou shouldst scorn me thus?
What have I said that thou shouldst me reject?
Have I been disobedient to thy Words?
Have I bewray'd thy arcane Secrecy?
Have I dishonoured thy Marriage-Bed
With filthy Crimes, or with lascivious Lusts?
Nay, it is thou that hast dishonoured it,
Thy filthy Mind o'ercome with filthy Lusts,
Yieldeth unto Affection's filthy Darts.
Unkind, thou wrong'st thy first and truest fear,
Unkind, thou wrong'st thy best and dearest Friend;
Unkind, thou scorn'st all skilful *Brutus's* Laws,
Forgetting Father, Uncle, and thy self.

Est. Believe me, *Lochrine*, but the Girl is wise,
And well would seem to make a Vestal Nun,
How finely frames she her Oration!

Thra. *Lochrine*, we came not here to fight with Words,
Words that can never win the Victory,
But for you are so merry in your Frumps,
Unsheath your Swords, and try it out by force,
That we may see who hath the better hand.

Loc. Think'st thou to dare me, bold *Thrasimachus*?
Think'st thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
Or do we seem too weak to cope with thee?
Soon shall I shew thee my fine cutting Blade,
And with my Sword, the Messenger of Death,
Seal thee an Acquittance for thy bold attempts. [*Exeunt.*
Sound the Alarum. Enter *Lochrine*, *Affarachus*, and a Sol-
dier at one Door; *Guendeline*, *Thrasimachus*, at another;
Lochrine and his Followers driven back.

Then *Lochrine* and *Estrild* enter again in amaze.

Loc. O fair *Estrilda*, we have lost the Field,
Thrasimachus hath won the Victory,
And we are left to be a laughing-stock,
Scoffed at by those that are our Enemies.
Ten thousand Soldiers arm'd with Sword and Shield,
Prevail against an hundred thousand Men.
Thrasimachus incens'd with fuming Ire,
Rageth amongst the faint-heart Soldiers,
Like to grim *Mars*, when cover'd with his Targe,
He fought with *Diomedes* in the Field,
Close by the Banks of silver *Simois*. [*Sound the Alarum.*
O lovely *Estrild* now the Chase begins,
Ne'er shall we see the stately *Troynovant*
Mounted with Coursers garnisht all with Pearls,
Ne'er shall we view the fair *Concordia*,
Unless as Captives we be thither brought.
Shall *Lochrine* then be taken Prisoner,
By such a youngling as *Thrasimachus*?
Shall *Guendeline* captivate my Love?
Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold that dismal hour,
Ne'er will I view that ruthless Spectacle,
For with my Sword, or this sharp Curtle-Axe,
I'll cut in sunder my accus'd Heart.

But O you Judges of the ninefold *Styx*,
 Which with incessant Torments rack the Ghosts
 Within the bottomless *Abyssus* Pits,
 You Gods Commanders of the Heav'nly Spheres,
 Whose Will and Laws irrevocable stand,
 Forgive, forgive this foul accursed Sin;
 Forget, O Gods, this foul condemned Fault;
 And now my Sword, that in so many Fights [*Kisses his Sword.*
 Hast sav'd the Life of *Brutus* and his Son,
 End now his Life that wisheth still for Death,
 Work now his Death that wisheth still for Death,
 Work now his Death that hateth still his Life.
 Farewel, fair *Estrild*, Beauty's Paragon,
 Fram'd in the front of forlorn Miseries,
 Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold thy Sun-shine Eyes,
 But when we meet in the *Elysian* Fields,
 Thither I go before with hasten'd pace.
 Farewel, vain World, and thy inticing Snares,
 Farewel, foul Sin, and thy inticing Pleasures,
 And welcome Death, the end of mortal Smart,
 Welcome to *Locrine's* over-burthen'd Heart.

[*Thrusts himself through with his Sword.*

Est. Break Heart with Sobs and grievous Suspirs,
 Stream forth your Tears from forth my watry Eyes,
 Help me to mourn for warlike *Locrine's* Death,
 Pour down your Tears you watry Regions,
 For mighty *Locrine* is bereft of Life:
 O fickle Fortune, O unstable World,
 What else are all things, that this Globe contains,
 But a confused Chaos of mishaps?
 Wherein as in a Glass we plainly see,
 That all our Life is but a Tragedy,
 Since mighty Kings are subject to mishap,
 Ay, mighty Kings are subject to mishap;
 Since martial *Locrine* is bereft of Life.
 Shall *Estrild* live then after *Locrine's* Death?
 Shall love of Life bar her from *Locrine's* Sword?
 O no, this Sword that hath bereft his Life,
 Shall now deprive me of my fleeting Soul:
 Strengthen these Hands, O mighty *Jupiter*,
 That I may end my woful Misery,

56 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Lochrine I come, *Lochrine*, I follow thee. [*Kills herself.*
Sound the Alarum. Enter Sabren.

Sab. What doleful Sight, what ruthful Spectacle
 Hath Fortune offer'd to my hapless Heart?
 My Father slain with such a fatal Sword,
 My Mother murder'd by a mortal Wound?
 What *Thracian* Dog, what barbarous *Mirmidon*,
 Would not relent at such a ruthful case?
 What fierce *Achilles*, what hard stony Flint,
 Would not bemoan this mournful Tragedy?
Lochrine, the Map of Magnanimity,
 Lies slaughter'd in this foul accursed Cave;
Estrild, the perfect Pattern of Renown,
 Nature's sole Wonder, in whose beauteous Breasts
 All heav'nly Grace and Virtue was inshrin'd,
 Both massacred are dead within this Cave;
 And with them dies fair *Pallas* and sweet Love.
 Here lies a Sword, and *Sabren* hath a Heart,
 This blessed Sword shall cut my cursed Heart,
 And bring my Soul unto my Parents Ghosts,
 That they that live and view our Tragedy,
 May mourn our case with mournful Plaudites.

[*Offers to kill herself.*

Ay me, my Virgin's Hands are too too weak,
 To penetrate the bulwark of my Breast;
 My Fingers, us'd to tune the amorous Lute,
 Are not of force to hold this steely Glave,
 So I am left to wail my Parents Death,
 Not able for to work my proper Death.
 Ah *Lochrine*, honour'd for thy Nobleness,
 Ah *Estrild*, famous for thy Constancy,
 Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal Ends.

Enter Guendel'ne, Thrasimachus, Madan, and the Soldiers.

Guen. Search, Soldiers, search, find *Lochrine* and his Love;
 Find the proud Strumpet, *Humber's* Concubine,
 That I may change those her so pleasing Looks
 To pale and ignominious Aspect.
 Find me the Issue of their cursed Love,
 Find me young *Sabren*, *Lochrine's* only Joy,
 That I may glut my Mind with lukewarm Blood,

Swift

Swiftly distilling from the Bastard's Breast:
 My Father's Ghost still haunts me for Revenge,
 Crying, Revenge my over-hasten'd Death.
 My Brother's Exile, and mine own Divorce,
 Banish remorse clean from my brazen Heart,
 All Mercy from mine adamantine Breasts.

Thra. Nor doth thy Husband lovely *Guendeline*,
 That wonted was to guide our starless Steps,
 Enjoy this Light; see where he murder'd lies,
 By luckless Lot and froward frowning Fate:
 And by him lies his lovely Paramour,
 Fair *Estrild*, goa ed with a dismal Sword,
 And as it seems, both murder'd by themselves,
 Clasping each other in their feeble Arms,
 With loving Zeal, as if for Company
 Their uncontented Corps were yet content
 To pass foul *Styx* in *Charon's* Ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud *Estrild* then prevented me,
 Hath she escaped *Guendeline's* Wrath,
 By violently cutting off her Life?
 Would God she had the monstrous *Hydra's* Lives,
 That every hour she might have died a death,
 Worse than the swing of old *Ixion's* Wheel,
 And every hour revive to die again,
 As *Tiutus* bound to houseless *Caucason*,
 Doth feed the Substance of his own mishap,
 And every day for want of Food doth die,
 And every night doth live again to die.
 But stay, methinks, I hear some fainting Voice,
 Mournfully weeping for their luckless Death.

Sab. You Mountain-Nymphs which in these Desarts
 Cease off your hasty chase of Savage Beasts, [reign,
 Prepare to see a Heart opprest with Care,
 Address your Ears to hear a mournful Stile,
 No human Strength, no Work can work my Weal,
 Care in my Heart so Tyrant-like doth deal.
 You *Driades* and light-foot *Satyri*,
 You gracious Fairies, which at Even-tide
 Your Closets leave with heav'nly Beauty stor'd,
 And on your Shoulders spread your golden Locks,
 You Savage Bears in Caves and darken'd Dens,

Come

58 *The Tragedy of Lochrine.*

Come wail with me the martial *Lochrine's* Death,
 Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Efrild's* Death.
 Ah loving Parents, little do you know
 What Sorrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible,
 Lives *Sabren* yet to expiate my Wrath?
 Fortune, I thank thee for this courtesie,
 And let me never see one prosperous hour,
 If *Sabren* die not a reproachful Death.

Sab. Hard-hearted Death, that when the Wretched call,
 Art farthest off, and seldom hear'st at all,
 But in the midst of Fortune's good Success,
 Uncalled comes, and sheers our Life in twain:
 When will that hour, that blessed hour draw nigh,
 When poor distressed *Sabren* may be gone?
 Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatal Thread;
 What art thou Death, shall not poor *Sabren* die?

[*Guendeline taking her by the Chin, says,*

Guen. Yes, Damsel, yes, *Sabren* shall surely die,
 Tho' all the World should seek to save her Life,
 And not a common Death shall *Sabren* die,
 But after strange and grievous Punishments,
 Shortly inflicted on thy Bastard's Head,
 Thou shalt be cast into the cursed Streams,
 And feed the Fishes with thy tender Flesh.

Sab. And think'st thou then, thou cruel Homicide,
 That these thy Deeds shall be unpunished?
 No, Traitor, no, the Gods will venge these Wrongs,
 The Fiends of Hell will mark these Injuries.
 Never shall these blood sucking masty Curs
 Bring wretched *Sabren* to her latest home,
 For I myself, in spite of thee and thine,
 Mean to abridge my former Destinies,
 And that which *Lochrine's* Sword could not perform,
 This present Stream shall present bring to pass.

[*She drowns herself.*

Guen. One Mischief follows on another's Neck.
 Who would have thought so young a Maid as she,
 With such a Courage would have sought her death?
 And for because this River was the Place
 Where little *Sabren* resolutely died,

Sabren

The Tragedy of Lochrine.

50

Sabren for ever shall this same be call'd.
And as for *Lochrine*, our deceased Spouse,
Because he was the Son of mighty *Brute*,
To whom we owe our Country, Lives and Goods,
He shall be buried in a stately Tomb,
Close by his aged Father *Brutus*' Bones,
With such great Pomp and great Solemnity,
As well befits so brave a Prince as he.
Let *Estrild* be without the shallow Vaults,
Without the Honour due unto the Dead,
Because she was the Author of this War.
Retire brave Followers unto *Troynovant*,
Where we will celebrate these Exequies,
And place young *Lochrine* in his Father's Tomb. [Exeunt.]

Ate. Lo here the end of lawless Treachery,
Of Usurpation and ambitious Pride.
And they that for their private Amours dare
Turmoil our Land, and set their Broils abroad,
Let them be warmed by these Premisses;
And as a Woman was the only cause
That civil Discord was then stirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned Maid,
That eight and thirty Years the Scepter sway'd
In quiet Peace and sweet Felicity,
And every Wight that seeks her Grace's Smart,
Would that this Sword were pierced in his Heart. [Exit.]

F I N I S.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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